

Waters Ethel

"Refrigeratin' Papa"

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I'm gonna tell you, folks, all about
A certain red-hot gal;
She runs an institute in the South
For all her polar pals;
She teaches papas who treat her cool,
They're always hot when they leave her school;
But she's got a secret she won't let out,
But I just heard her shout:

Refrigeratin' papa, Mama's gonna make you hot,
Yes, make you hot!
Refrigeratin' papa, heat is something you ain't got,
No, you ain't got!
A red-hot papa's nice and warm,
But cold ones don't run true to form;
I always make a papa what he's got,
I change a frigid papa to a hottentot!

Refrigeratin' papa, Mama's gonna warm you up!
Yes, warm you up!
'Cause when it comes to lovin',
I win most every lovin' cup,
For lovin' up;
I had a papa once so cold he nearly froze,
But Mama made him holler, "Please, burn up my
clothes!"
Refrigeratin' papa, Mama's gonna make you hot!

Refrigeratin' papa, Mama's gonna make you hot!
Yes, make you hot!
Refrigeratin' papa, heat is what I like a lot!
Yes, like a lot!
I'm gonna teach you from the start,
That you can't trifle with my heart;
You'll have to learn the fundamental facts,
Or else your mama's gonna pile you up in stacks.

Refrigeratin' papa, Mama's gonna warm you up!
Yes, warm you up!
'Cause when it comes to lovin',
I win most every lovin' cup,

For lovin' up;
I hate the kind of man who always aggravates,
I make their hearts of stone begin to palpitate!
Refrigeratin' papa, Mama's gonna make you hot! Red
hot!

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